

Philadelphia Evening Post

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1870.

MY LANDSCAPE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY AUNT ALICE.

You seem to wonder why I love to look
From this back window, in my city home,
With naught in sight, you say, but chimneys tall,
With bare and barren, perhaps, a spire, or dome.

But look! Do you not see a distant hill,
With green leaves quivering on bush and tree?
Now take my glass, and you will plainly see
A picture which has long enchanted me.

A low white cottage half way up the hill,
The windows gleaming in the setting sun;
The signs of fences running here and there,
A wagon road, a barn but partly done.

A pretty, peaceful country home, it seems;
I never have been nearer, it may be,
Than "distance lends enchantment to the view,"
Close, it might not seem so fair to me.

The coloring is perfect, light and shade;
Art critics here might seek for flaws in vain.
And yet this lovely landscape can be seen
Enframed, as 'twere, in one small window pane.

'Tis as a painting hanging on my wall,
And I can look upon it when I will;
Can show it to my friends and call it mine,
That pretty homestead on the distant hill.

UNDER A BAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

AUTHOR OF "CLAUDIA," "OUT ADRIFT,"
Etc., Etc.

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CHAPTER VIII.

SUMMER.

It was the middle of June when Lucy Thorndike stepped out of the carriage in front of her own elegant mansion, where roses, honeysuckle, and blossoms of all kinds in the wildest profusion were showering their beauty and fragrance on every hand.

The month had been a gala time to her. She looked back with a touch of contemptuous pity at the Lucy Garth who had gone shabbily dressed through her coarse common ways of life. How much the ignorant child had learned in those brief weeks! How much enjoyment had been crowded into every day! Some of the rare wonders of the world had been unfolded to her gaze, the beautiful and the sublime.

When Tennyson said, in his grave, inspiring fashion that must touch many a human soul—

"For I, myself, with these have grown,
To something greater than before,"

he uttered the profound experience of others as well. There had not been a moment, either sleeping or waking, but what Lucy Thorndike's soul had grown. You could see it in her face, and you could also see what would have pained a clear-eyed, thoughtful person, that the lofty and spiritual part of life would be on her side, the material upon her husband's.

He had grown stouter and handsomer, I was about to say, but it was more physical ruddiness and health, with the added ease and enjoyment. He had a full, square lower jaw, which gave him an expression of extreme satisfaction, but told also that self predominance. He had given Lucy much pleasure this month, but he had not gone one step out of his way for any of it. That was never in the man, and human nature, I believe, has but few century blossoms.

There was, with all the loveliness in her face, and it seemed to have improved tenfold, a look of awe and wonder, as if she was groping about after something that was not quite clear to her own mind. A kind of newness, subtle and intangible, pervading the atmosphere she breathed.

Now and then some human soul at this period of incipient comes in contact with the teacher or the influence that moulds it aright, and goes on to a maturity as perfect as any this side of heaven. But for the one so circumstanced, hundreds blindly grope along, betrayed by false guides, who lead to the heart by treacherous friends, or left by the way-side deceived and misled, and some best by fate. It is a way wonder that so many are lost, that so many souls go down to perdition when no ear listened to their cry save the God of whom they know so little!

Lucy Thorndike was full of questioning surmise. The world was so much wider and greater than she had imagined, and human souls were capable of so much more than she could have dreamed in her wildest. She looked back at the old narrow life in its gloomy dimness, and daily gave thanks that she had escaped it.



SOME OF THE CUSTOMS OF THE TURKOMANS OF CENTRAL ASIA ARE VERY CURIOUS. THERE IS A STRANGE MARRIAGE CUSTOMAL, WHERE THE YOUNG MAIDEN, DRESSED IN BRIDAL COSTUME, MOUNTS A STEEP HORSE, TAKING ON HER LAP A LAMB OR A GOAT, AND SETTING OFF AT FULL GALLOP, IS FOLLOWED BY THE BRIDEGROOM AND OTHER YOUNG MEN OF THE PARTY, ALSO ON HORSEBACK; BUT SHE IS ALWAYS TO STRIVE TO PREVENT HER PURSUERS FROM GETTING NEAR ENOUGH TO SMASH FROM HER THE BURDEN ON HER LAP. THERE IS LITTLE DOUBT THAT SHE ALLOWS THE RIGHT ONE TO SNEED, IF ANY. THIS CURIOUS CUSTOM IS OBSERVED BY ALL THE WANDERING TRIBES OF CENTRAL ASIA. THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM DO NOT LIVE TOGETHER UNTIL A YEAR AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE.

FUNERAL OF A SLAVE.

Of course her husband should have been her guide and instructor. You know how thoughtlessly she married him, and what she was herself the night she came down in her flood of golden hair and took him captive. I don't know who was answerable for her ignorance—it is one of those far-reaching, subtle questions that can never be answered on this side of eternity. Souls and bodies are continually going astray, you know, and we ask, was it this man's fault or his parents?

She took her husband for guide and instructor, for priest and king. There is a little of the old heaven of beatitude in most women's hearts, and they are prone to make unto themselves gods. She could hardly imagine any one more generous or tender; but he would have been a brute if he had failed in this during the first month, the honeymoon.

And yet some things had pained her. He had laughed over two or three pretty sharp business transactions, and when she had stared up with her girlish ideas of honesty, he had shown a touch of displeasure. He had not scrupled at an invention of the moment to serve some purpose, which seemed to her an absolute falsehood. So she had found a flaw in her hero. Perhaps the same things were in the old life—indeed, when she came to think of it, had she been quite fair and open?

Perhaps the humiliation did her good. It enabled her to take a more just view and to be merciful. And yet, the guide, the instructor was gone. The sweet blossoms were already shadowed.

She did what most women do, I suppose, adapted herself to the circumstances. There was so much left, you know. Brightness, beauty, wealth and love. She resolved to make her own soul pure and true, and keep it so, to make her home lovely and attractive, and her husband's life happy.

She passed a moment on the threshold and glanced around.

"How very beautiful it all is!" she exclaimed with childish eagerness and enthusiasm. "I wonder if the Cunningham were not sorry to leave it?"

Mr. Thorndike laughed. It was a kind of answer that he had for a great many things, and expressed his mood very thoroughly.

She did not quite like the habit. In her pretty, coaxing way, she had disarmed him from his usual expulsive of "by Jove," and now she wished that the laugh was less genuine, or that he would not use it as frequently.

"But he is too good to be found fault with continually," she said to herself, with her own bright smile.

"Does it look just as it did last summer?" he asked presently.

"I don't remember," a little puzzled at the question. "I used to steal down here once in a while to comfort myself in the garden. I thought it very lovely then."

"They're been working upon it the whole month, outside and in. It ought to be improved. I dare say the bills will be large enough!"

She wondered if he grudged any of the money! He had been very lavish on their journey, at least in some respects. No dainties were too costly for his taste or appetite, and he had bought her a set of diamonds, with many other luxurious articles. But one day he had refused to give even a few pence to a woman with a sick baby.

"They're a set of impostors," he had said roughly. "Come away."

The poor, pitiful face haunted her for hours afterward.

"Father thought it was extravagant, you know," referring to the house. "I wonder how they ate—father and Rachel? It seems as if I was some one else."

"But you like it?" ignoring the last part of her remark.

"Oh, so much! I wonder sometimes how all these delightful things came to happen to me. If you had not loved me, first of all."

That was what she wanted—praise and admiration. When Rachel Garth had enumerated her sister's vanity among her other faults to this man, she did not realize that his was enormous in comparison.

Lucy had begun by being very demonstrative, but her fine tact and fast-growing delicacy had intervened. Even this brief contact with the world imparted an air of high breeding.

Life changes were not very numerous. The Cunninghams had been glad to dispose of their furniture with no better home than a boarding house in view. Lucy was pleased on several accounts. It relieved her from a world of perplexity, and since Mrs. Wilder had declared it in charming taste, she was satisfied.

That lady was staying in the house now to receive them. She swept down the broad stairs in her flowing robes and greeted her cousins warmly.

It must be confessed that she stared a little at Mrs. Thorndike's newly acquired style, that fitted her with the grace of a long-eared garment.

"A pretty enough girl," she had said to her friends, while descending upon the bride, "but without a particle of taste or style."

A radiant beautiful woman, she was forced to admit now, with the air of a prince.

Tired as the poor princess was, she ran around to explore ever nook and cranny—the rooms, the pictures, the brackets with their rare articles of vertu, hardly an atom of beauty escaped her eager eyes.

"Does it suit your ladyship?" inquired Mrs. Wilder with a pretty, but rather set smile.

"It is very beautiful, only there are not half enough flowers in-doors. Don't you love them?"

"Oh, yes. I'll send for some more. I have brought you a treasure for an upper servant, Warren, a girl that has lived with a friend of mine for several years. I know Mrs. Thorndike will like Maggie."

Maggie was graciously introduced to her new mistress, and the order for more flowers given.

Lucy bestowed upon her an odd, indrawn smile.

"And what about a cook, Warren?"

"I left those things to you, Kate. Lucy will not want to be troubled with such matters right away. Give us a fair start," and Warren Thorndike lounged back in his easy chair.

"I know of a magnificent cook, but she objects to doing anything else."

"In what way?"

"Housework, to be sure. If you want to keep up a great deal of stylish company, she would be just the one."

"With another servant to wait upon her?"

"Yes."

"We're not going to be quite as grand as that."

"Oh, Warren, two servants will surely be

home to her father's. He had met Mr. Garth at the Mill in the morning. Rachel was alone, cold and gloomy as ever. She had firmly resolved to set her face against the rumored doings of her sister. The grand house should have no intimacies for her. Indeed, it had not. She would have felt lost and miserable amid the familiar people with whom her sister had cast in her lot.

Mrs. Wilder knew how to make that life very tempting to Lucy. To tell the truth, she half envied her cousin's wife, though she had never admired him very ardent. She could see that he was deeply infatuated, and would make a very intelligent husband if properly managed. Then she smiled rather contemptuously at the idea of this foolish Lucy managing any one.

"But she has so much in her mind," she thought, with a touch of envy. "And yet in five years' time he will make a perfect slave of her; 'tis warlike! She loves him too much!"

The reception proved a grand affair. Mrs. Wilder was in her element here. The guests had been chosen with some discrimination. Mr. and Mrs. Thorndike had made their first appearance at the Society of Central Asia. The bride, in her elegant mantle, with gloves and parasol to hand, was considered the possession of taste, and she certainly did look very lovely.

No one thought of dissipation or invitation. The Garths and the Thorndikes both belonged to the oldest families in Dedham—if that was any warrant for gentle blood.

Warren Thorndike felt immensely proud of his position and his success. He liked to be the great man anywhere. When he found these people ready to do him honor, he accepted the homage as so much due his worth. Where his father had made hundreds, he had made thousands.

And yet Lucy Thorndike had a vague consciousness that she stood alone in her new life. She would have no intimacies in climbing any grand height. Between them not enough here to satisfy!

Her love for luxury developed rapidly—her taste, that had hitherto been repressed in every direction, began to expand, and blossomed fairer than the world would have supposed. The past was like a distasteful dream to her, and she resolved to make the future, that seemed to lie so entirely in her own hands, brilliant and satisfying. She, too, had her ambitions, though she understood many of her own wants and defects.

Warren Thorndike was quite content to see her elegantly dressed and the centre of admiration. She possessed a wonderful degree of tact and adaptation, and copied the small ways of society with the utmost ease; and when she had once fairly plunged into the round of gaiety, she found it very engaging.

Ah, why must there always be some fatal knowledge lurking in the background to tempt human souls? Why could she not game and be satisfied? Some far-reaching chord in her soul had been touched, and sometimes a word or a look, that she alone of all, caught in her dim way and pondered, roused her strangely and made her pulses unquiet for hours afterward.

Mr. Garth proved less obstinate than Rachel. Condemn though he might, he was secretly proud of his daughter's position, and the manner in which she graced it. He came to the grand house for a quiet supper now and then—for business was prospering with them, and that softened his feelings somewhat. Mr. Thorndike had infused new spirit and energy into the Mill, and though Mr. Garth had frowned at some improvements in the beginning, he found their working decidedly beneficial.

But Rachel was rigid on her throne. Her brother-in-law's good-natured, but rather clumsy overtures could not move her, and to Lucy's pleading she turned a deaf ear.

"Take your own way," she would exclaim. "It is not my place to advise Warren Thorndike's wife;" and a snuff of humility always followed such a remark. With that she would look at her sister's silk and lace with severely condemnatory eyes.

"But there are only two of us, and we might be friends," Lucy would plead.

"I did not know that we were enemies. I am sure that I did my best for you while you were under my care—with a most exasperating resignation."

"If you would only let me do something for you now?"

"What do I need? I am content with my own life, I am most thankful to say."

And then Lucy would glance around on the cold, bare walls and dull carpet. Not a ray of brightness, not a flower—not even a warm and friendly smile. At such moments she would only be too glad that she had escaped it all, and fly back to her own charming home with a child's eager delight.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BE true to your own highest conviction. Intimations from our own souls of something more perfect than others teach, if faithfully followed, give us a consciousness of spiritual force and progress never experienced by the vulgar of high life or low life, who march, as they are drilled, to the step of their fortune.—Channing.

NOT VERY LIKELY.—People are constantly in the habit of talking about "our first parents," as if it were possible for us to have a second set!

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1909.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are as follows:—
 One copy (and a large Premium Book) for \$1.00 per annum in advance. Five copies (and one extra) for \$5.00 per annum in advance. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, for \$1.00 per annum in advance. The Post is published every Saturday except on the day of the Lord's Supper, when it is published on the preceding day.

Subscribers in order to receive themselves from the Post, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia, or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, payable to our order. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Company unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 50 subscribers in 1909, we will send a Grover & Baker's No. 50 Sewing Machine, price \$25. By remitting the difference of price in cash, you can get a better machine. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays \$1.00, will get the Premium Sewing Machine. The list may be made up quarterly, if desired, of The Post and the Lady's Friend. The Post will be sent for 5 cents of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents.

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
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NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

UNDER A BAN.

BY MISS DOUGLAS.

We commenced in THE POST of Feb. 5th, this new novel written for THE POST by that charming and talented writer, Miss Amanda M. Douglas.

The beginning of this new novel is a capital time to begin subscriptions to THE POST, although we can still supply back numbers when required to the first of the year.

OUR LETTERS.

T. B. D., Jr., of Poughkeepsie, New York, in acknowledging the receipt of a Grover & Baker Premium Sewing-Machine, writes:—

"The Machine came all in order, and to say that my wife is pleased with it, only gives half expression to her delight. She only wonders that you can give so good an article for a premium. Enough to say that she thinks it a gem. The Magazine she is much pleased with, and finds it very useful as well as an intellectual treat. This Post pleases my wife indeed—for in addition to the stories, I find much in its columns new and spicy. In conclusion, I will say I feel amply repaid for the trouble of getting up a clink."

Mrs. H. C., of North Fork, Kentucky, writes:—

"The Post and the Lady's Friend are to me perfect treasures. I could not do without them. I think I shall be a life-long subscriber."

G. C. L., of Naples, New York, writes:—

"The longer I read your valuable paper the more I like it. I consider it the best literary Weekly I ever saw. As for the Premium Sewing-Machine, it alone is worth the price of subscription. As I look at it hanging in my room, I would not take five dollars for it, if I could not get another."

J. V., of Stiles, Wisconsin, says:—

"On account of hard times, I had concluded to drop THE POST. But my family are bound to have it."

Poohish man—sensible family! Better drop tobacco, or wine, or whiskey, or a new coat, or a dinner or two, than drop your weekly paper. Where can you or your children get so much schooling, of so varied a character, at so ridiculously small a price. When we hear our subscribers talk about stopping their paper on account of hard times—and saying thus the enormous amount of five cents a week! we begin to feel like the Apostle, that "we have bestowed labor upon them in vain." Oh, foolish Galatians, who have bewitched you, that you should value the food of the body so much more than the food of the mind!

COOL.

We have received a request from the Managers of a Library at Lexington, Kentucky, to send them a copy of THE POST gratis—our reward being that they will have THE POST "carefully filed, neatly bound, and preserved in the Library."

Suppose the example of Lexington should be imitated by every town and village in the country, and we should supply them all with free copies. Soon we should have to go around with a hat on our head, soliciting charity to keep up the publication of our paper.

We have repeated applications of this kind, and we intend hereafter to refuse the whole of them. If THE POST is not worth the paltry price asked for it, it is not worth having. People who are so poor as not to be able to pay for a weekly paper, would not care about reading it; and those who are intelligent enough to understand and appreciate THE POST, can easily save the little money it costs, if they choose. Therefore we answer all such requests in the language of another, who was once asked for a copy of THE POST: "If he had no bowels of compassion, he would not have a heart."

The story of Judas Iscariot, son of Simeon, who betrayed his Master for thirty pieces of silver, is one of the most dramatic and stirring scenes in our Bible. It is a story which cannot fail to excite the imagination of every thoughtful mind.

That a man worthy to be chosen from a large number of disciples as one of the twelve apostles of the new faith, and to be chosen among them as the one best fitted to hold the common purse, should betray his Master for so small a sum as twenty of our silver dollars, has seemed to some to be a story containing in itself an element of great improbability.

And added to this, in the opinions of such, is the doubt which arises from the subsequent conduct of Judas. One possessing so mean a nature as to do so shameful an action for so pitiful a price, would, they say, hardly be likely to be troubled by after qualms of conscience. But, according to the testimony of Matthew, Judas repented of what he had done, flung down in the temple the money he had received, and went and hanged himself.

Reflecting on these things certain writers have thought, and we believe the learned Archbishop Whately was among the number, that Judas fully believed in the Saviour as the long expected Messiah of the Jews, who was perfectly able by the miraculous power with which he was gifted, to establish an earthly kingdom, rearing again the glorious throne of David, and breaking to pieces the hated yoke of Rome.

It needed only, as Judas thought, according to these apologetes, that affairs should be brought in some way to a crisis, in order to insure the exercise of the miraculous powers of his Lord and Master, and the speedy coming of the glorious day of the redemption of Israel. Therefore he betrayed Jesus—not to his death, but to his victory and his throne. And when the result was so contrary to his furthest expectations, and he saw himself the betrayer of innocent blood, what was more natural than that he should fling back the accursed coin, and go and hang himself!

Such is the argument of some subtle theorists as to Judas. And the subject is brought once more to our attention, by the republication from Blackwood's Magazine of a poem by Mr. W. W. Story, the sculptor and poet, called "A Roman Lawyer in Jerusalem."

This supposed "Roman Lawyer," being in Jerusalem shortly after the crucifixion of the Lord, is interested in this question of the betrayal of Jesus, and in the interpretation which Lysias, Chief of the Centurions, who knew Judas well, and had acted a prominent part in the arrest of Jesus, put upon the motives of the betrayer. Lysias says in the poem:—

"Daily he heard his master's voice proclaim,
 'I am the Lord! the Father lives in me!
 Who knoweth me knows the Eternal God!
 He who believes in me shall never die!
 No! he shall see me with my angels come
 With power and glory here upon the earth
 To judge the quick and dead! Among you here
 Some shall not taste of death before I come
 God's kingdom to establish on the earth!"

"What meant these words? They seethed in Judas' soul."

"Here is my God—Messias, King of kings,
 Christos, the Lord—the Saviour of us all.
 How long shall he be taunted and reviled,
 And threatened by this crawling scum of men?
 Oh, who shall urge the coming of that day
 When he in majesty shall clothe himself
 And stand before the astonished world his King!
 Long brooding over this inflamed soul;
 And, ever thus in scheme as well in thought,
 At last he said, 'No longer will I bear
 This ignominy heaped upon my Lord.
 No man hath power to harm the Almighty One.
 Ay, let man's hand be lifted, then, a once,
 Effulgent like the sun, swift like the sword
 The jagged lightning flashes from the cloud,
 Shall he be manifest—the living God—
 And prostrate all shall on the earth adore!"

"Such was his thought when at the passover
 The Lord with his disciples met and supped;
 And Christos saw the trouble in his mind,
 And said, 'Behold, among you here is one
 That shall betray me—he to whom I give
 This sop.' And he the sop to Judas gave;
 And added, 'That thou dost, quickly do.'
 And Judas left him, bearing these last words—
 'Now shall the Son of man be glorified.'"

"Ah, yes! his master had divined his thought;
 His master shall be glorified through him."

"Straight unto me and the high priests he came,
 Filled with this hope, and said, 'Behold me here,
 Judas, a follower of Christos!—Come!
 I will point out my master whom you seek!
 And out at once they sent me with my band;
 And as we went, I said, rebuking him,
 'How, Judas, do you who thus betray
 The Lord and master whom you love, to death?'
 And, smiling, then he answered, 'Fear you not;
 Do you your duty; take no heed of me.'
 'Is not this vile?' I said; 'I had not deemed
 Such baseness in you.' 'Though it seem so now,
 Still smiling, he replied, 'wait till the end.'"

Then turning round so to himself he said,
 'Now comes the hour that I have prayed to see—
 The hour of joy to all who know the truth.'
 "'Is this man mad?' I thought, and looked at him;
 And, in the darkness creeping swiftly on,
 His face was glowing; almost shone with light;
 And kept as if in visionary thought,
 He walked beside me, gazing at the sky."

So much for this charitable theory of the motives of Judas. It has some strong points, but it does not remove all the difficulties of the case. It does not even pretend to explain the first great difficulty, the necessity of any betrayal at all. Jesus was in the constant habit, as we learn from the Scriptures, of going about the streets of Jerusalem and into the synagogues and the temple, and it would seem to us that few things could be easier than to find him and arrest him at any time.

Again, according to the account of the

last supper as given by Matthew, one of the Apostles, Jesus said in the hearing of Judas:—"One of you shall betray me." "Who said that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed? It had been good for that man if he had not been born." Judas then says, "Answer to me!" Jesus replies—"That hast thou said?"

Now, if Judas was a good man, and had such explicit faith in his Master, would not these few words have been sufficient to convince him of the wickedness of that which he was planning?

Besides, there would seem to be a little doubt as to whether Judas really did repent. Luke says, in the first chapter of the Acts of the Apostles:—

"Now this man purchased a field with the reward of iniquity; and, falling headlong, he burst under in the midst, and all his bowels gushed out. And it was known unto all the dwellers at Jerusalem; inasmuch as that field is called in their proper tongue, Aceldama, that is to say, The Field of Blood."

It would seem then from Luke's account, that Judas took the money, purchased a field with it, and, falling headlong in the midst of the field, (providentially as one would infer, and not intentionally,) burst under so that his bowels gushed out. But if he really did not repent, all the curious fabric that has been reared to exonerate his guilt, falls at once to the ground.

It is curious in this connection to note what the Apostle John says of the betrayal. Matthew describes Judas coming up to Jesus with a "Kiss, Master," and kissing him, and then at once the soldiers lay hands on him. John represents Jesus as going forth from the garden and meeting the soldiers. We suppose some of the apparent points of difference.

"Jesus then, knowing all things that should come upon him, went forth, and said unto them, Whom seek ye?"

They answered him, Jesus of Nazareth. Jesus said unto them, I am he. And Judas also, which betrayed him, stood with them.

As soon as he had said unto them, I am he, they went backward and fell to the ground.

Then asked he them again, Whom seek ye? And they said Jesus of Nazareth.

Jesus answered, I have told you that I am he. If therefore ye seek me, let these go their way.

Then the band, and the captain and officers of the Jews, took Jesus and bound him.

It must be remembered that John was in the garden with Jesus, and a personal witness of what is recorded. He also seems to have been the only one with the exception of Peter, that did not flee; and, being known to the high priest, he went in with Jesus into the palace.

As to the smallness of the sum which Judas received, it must not be forgotten that the precious metals were comparatively much more valuable in those days. Jesus mentions two sparrows being sold for a farthing, which farthing is supposed to have been about equivalent to one of our cents—or say perhaps a cent and a half—the Scriptural or Roman penny being a silver coin worth about fifteen of our cents. Judas also might have been in the habit of taking money from the bag entrusted to him, and thus accumulated a certain sum already, which only needed thirty more pieces of silver to be sufficient to enable him to attain some desired end. And the records of the criminal courts prove that a man who will murder for a thousand dollars, will often murder for a hundred, or even for ten.

What is now shown as the Potter's Field outside Jerusalem, as we have seen it stated, a very small field indeed—being only about ninety feet long by forty-five wide, or say one-tenth of an acre. If this was purchased either by Judas himself or by the chief priests for twenty dollars, it would show that land in that situation was valued at about two hundred dollars an acre, which would not seem an unreasonable price.

To conclude, we may ask, is it likely that if Judas had acted from the comparatively noble motives which his apologists ascribe to him, the other Apostles would not have had some knowledge, or at least suspicion of it? The very fact of his having always been a noble and upright man, would have made them cast about for the hidden reasons of so apparently shameful an action. But they evidently always had a rather mean opinion of Judas. He was a thief always—and that he should at the last turn out a traitor, seemed to them very natural. His reported repentance and suicide seem to have astonished them quite as much as his guilt.

Again, there is something so abhorrent in the very nature of treachery, especially of betraying a kin and with words of affection, that it is scarcely possible to connect the idea with a good and honest-hearted man. We fear the character Mr. Story has drawn of Judas, is not a natural one; that it is easier to believe that a bad man was let in among the Apostles by mistake, or for certain providential purposes—and this latter doubtless is the view of the larger number of Christians—than that a good man should play the part of a deceiver and traitor so perfectly as to mislead all his contemporaries, and leave an everlasting stigma upon his name.

GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

We have just received from Mrs. Wood the concluding portions of this deeply interesting story, and shall give them to our readers with as little delay as is compatible with preserving a due degree of variety in our columns.

THE RIGHTS OF LABOR.

We are indebted to Senator Spencer of Michigan for his late speech in favor of the workmen in the employ of government. While Senator Spencer was in his place, he made a speech in which he said that the government ought to be careful of the rights of the workmen in the employ of government.

If Senator Spencer, being engaged in business, should pay one-fourth more to his hands than anybody else, we should think it very commendable in him. But the Federal Government is acting as an agent, and spending the money of a heavily taxed people. The government is also enormously in debt—and we like to see people pay off their honest debts, before they begin to be generous.

Sydney Smith said that Philanthropy was the desire of A to help B at the expense of C. There is any amount of this kind of Philanthropy in the world. We even improve on it sometimes in this country. A wants to help B at the expense of C, in order that A himself may get a commission in the shape of money, popularity, or votes.

As to eight hours being sufficient for a day's work—manual or intellectual—we agree most heartily with Senator Spencer that it is. In fact, few minds can stand even six hours of severe mental labor day after day. And if a man will go down into the hard work, he probably can live after a fashion on two or three hours' labor. But in those Northern States, the earth produces so prodigiously, and the economy is so cold and unkind, that the great majority of us have to work a good deal longer than we want to in order to live with reasonable comfort.

Reducing the day's work from ten to eight hours, is practically rather more than halving wages one-fourth—for whatever machinery is used, it must also stand still the unemployed two hours daily. It were better for the employer to raise the wages one-fourth, and work the full ten hours, on this account.

But if you raise wages one-fourth, you increase the cost of making and raising all articles, houses, fuel, clothing, and food. And already the cost of making and raising is so great that nearly all the large interests of the country are languishing. And if you increase cost, you increase prices in proportion.

Whatever therefore the future may bring forth, the present moment does not seem the time to reduce the hours of labor. Rather it is a time to put the shoulder to the wheel, and work harder than ever. We have not paid the cost of the war yet by a good deal. No nation can dance to such a tune as that for four long years, and pay the piper with a few shillings. Eight hours for a day's labor—let us be thankful if we can get off for the next four or five years with ten!

IS THIS CHRISTIANITY?

We find the following almost official statement in the daily papers:

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
 BOARD OF INDIAN COMMISSIONERS,
 WASHINGTON, D. C., February 23d, 1878.

DEAR SIR:—At last the sickening details of Col. Baker's attack on the village of the Pigeons, in Montana, on the 23d of January last, have been received. Of the 175 killed only 15 were what might be called fighting men—that is, between the ages of twelve and thirty-seven years. Ten were from thirty-seven to sixty years, and eight additional were over sixty—in all, thirty-three. There were nearly women killed. Fifty-five, or over one-half of whom were over forty years of age, and the remaining thirty-five were between twelve and forty years. Lastly, there were fifty children under twelve years of age killed, many of whom were in their parents' arms. The whole village had been suffering for over two months past with small-pox, some half-dozen dying daily. The above facts were received to-day, from Lieut. W. B. Pease, United States Army, the agent of the Blackfeet, and are endorsed by General Sully, United States Army. With regard, faithfully yours,

VINCENT COLLYER, Secretary.

To FELIX R. BURNETT, Chairman, Pittsburg.

There is a pretty day's work for a professedly Christian nation!

An Indian village, afflicted with small-pox, is attacked by a detachment of the United States army—our army, our military agents—and thirty-three men, including boys above twelve, victoriously slaughtered. In addition there were slain—

Ninety women!

And fifty children under 12 years of age, many of whom were infants in their mother's arms!

This was done, it is said, by Col. Baker. There was another Colonel once, of whom the Indian Chief Logan said:—"Colonel Crease, last year, in cold blood, murdered all the friends and relations of Logan, not even excepting his women and children! Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

Was this done, as is alleged, by Sheridan's orders? Oh, Sheridan, are the laurels you so nobly won at Cedar Creek, to be bound up with the deadly nightshade which grows where women and children are pitilessly slaughtered?

SHOCKING.

The "London Fan" has the following—it is awful to think of the straits to which the comic papers sometimes are reduced:—

PAUL AND VIRGINIA.—President Grant, we are informed, "sticks up for the admission of Virginia." Don't let this decide the support of Women's Rights!—It isn't a girl, but a state. But the more the President sticks up for Virginia, the more his opponents find him poll upon them.

Do you not take "Paul" means "Paul," "Paul and Virginia," you see. It is worthy of Lord Dunsany.

of the present day.
 The report in the "Fryer" gives the conclusion of Mr. Taylor's lecture as follows:—

Most persons make this mistake—they settle their ideas on matters of reform, and then reason from these ideas backward. We should first acquire a sound knowledge of human nature, and then reason forward from that in getting our ideas of reform. We are full of superficial half-truths, which are easily understood; but the great eternal whole truths, which really govern our lives, are not to be had without earnest study. The genuine reformers are not men who teach only one form of virtue, as certain associations do. They are men who have developed their strength freely and harmoniously, whose lives breathe a warm and purifying atmosphere around them. Every true man is a reformer. You may ask what is his idea of a true man? It is a man who feels that he is a more drop in the ocean of humanity; who tries to do the best he can in his circle of life; who speaks as he thinks, and acts as he believes; who judges men not by their names and professions, but by their lives; and who walks in life according to the light which God gives him. This is a plane which every man may reach. But there is a rarer form than this; a man of more than average brain and heart, who is not only entitled to teach by his life, but by his words; such a man has strength in every part of his body. He is a man who has self-control and resolution, which come from a strong brain, and has generosity, tolerance, and boundless tenderness, which come from a strong heart.

PLAGIARISM.

We wonder if there ever was a country in the world so abounding in plagiarists as these United States. We recently republished Blanco White's fine sonnet "Night," and here we have a letter from a gentleman in Williamsburg, Ohio, saying that his deceased brother wrote that sonnet, and published it in "The Clermont County Sun," of the 24th of December, 1862.

This gentleman says the sonnet, as written by his brother, opens thus:—
 Mysterious orb! mysterious Night! when
 our first parent knew—

not seeing that this addition of two lambos to the correct line is of itself sufficient to prove it a plagiarism in the eyes of any person of competent judgment.

Joseph Blanco White, the author of the sonnet in question, was a man of unusual ability, a contributor to the English Quarterly Reviews, and published besides several books. He was born in Spain in 1775, educated for the Roman Catholic priesthood, became dissatisfied with the priest's vocation, went to England, joined the Established Church, and finally embraced Unitarianism, dying in 1841. The sonnet on Night was pronounced by Coleridge "one of the finest in the language." There is not the least doubt, we suppose, as to its authorship—certainly not the least doubt that it was published in England more than twenty years before it was published, as above stated, in Ohio.

THE BRAVE OLD STOCK.

Borrowed news that of the sinking of the United States steamer Onida by the British Mail steamer Bombay in the harbor of Yokohama, Japan. Only 56 saved out of 176 on board. And yet how it flushes the cheeks with noble pride to hear that Commander Williams and his officers resolved at once to stay by their vessel to the last. There was no confusion—the life-boat (the only boat not crushed by the collision) was manned, carrying no other officers than the master, Yates, Dr. Suddards, and the Captain's clerk. Since the loss of the Birkenhead, we have not heard of a nobler band. How can we despair of a country that can breed such sons? The brave old blood of the sea-kings still runs in our veins. The calm courage of our grand Celtic-Saxon race, which has looked death proudly in the face so many thousands of times since our wandering sires left the great plains of Central Asia, still when the occasion comes gleams out of our eyes. We may make mistakes in our political theories and policies, but while that indomitable spirit runs in the blood of the race, who can despair of the Republic!

THE STAR COURSE.

Professor Norton's lecture on the Solar Eclipse last week came in very appropriately as one of the Star course—for though the sun is not a very large star, it is large enough for all useful purposes. We would not have its size doubled or quadrupled for the world—especially in July—great as the honor of being an appendage to the larger and more distinguished members of the stellar system undoubtedly must be.

Professor Norton illustrated an eclipse of the sun, proving that he understands the matter sufficiently well to get up, if need be, a small eclipse of his own—that is, if the old maxim were true in this case, that "knowledge is power."

In illustrating the intense light and heat of the sun, the professor arranged a powerful oxyhydrogen blow-pipe, in which he burned a sword from point to hilt—and a perfect coronation of fiery gems. So may the sword of battle utterly be consumed in the increasing light and heat of science and civilization!

PROSPECTUS.

We announce the following Novels as already engaged for publication:—

Under a Sun.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, Author of "Cot Adrift," "The Dubious Fortune," &c., &c.

Lover's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENDIS, Author of "Don Castill," &c., &c.

Bessy Rase.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Camberly's Will," &c., &c.

A Novelist.

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Red," &c., &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Felling," &c., &c.

Besides our Novels by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Bendis, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT AND HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEPTS, &c.

Our new Premium Steel Engraving is called "TAKING THE MEASURE OF THE WEDDING RING,"—is 18 by 24 inches—and will probably be the most attractive engraving we have ever issued. It was engraved in England, at a cost of \$2,000. A copy of this, or of either of our other large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full (\$2.50) subscriber, paying in advance, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

Startling Statistics.

Some statisticians have been figuring on the cost of an "occasional drink," and the result is positively astonishing. In answer to the question:—"How are so many drinking houses sustained?" he shows that 30 men at 30 cents a day will pay one of the tipping shops \$2,160 a year. A man who pays 60 cents a day for "drinks," pays \$108.00 a year. This is the interest on \$1,084 at 7 per cent. at simple interest. This sum, 80 cents a day, amounts in ten years to \$1,171.85. All this is wasted, paid out for "an enemy that steals away a man's brains," and robs him and his family of every comfort. Intoxicating liquors give neither strength to the body, vigor to the mind, resolution to the will, elevation to morals, nor dignity to character. Strong drink drags a man down from his high estate, depraves all his appetites, and leaves him in want and misery, the mere wreck and semblance of a man.

The constant use of intoxicating liquors makes hard times for many a man; thus, a family of five persons will consume four barrels of flour a year, or one thousand and fifty-six pounds of bread. This is nearly three pounds a day. Good flour can be bought now for \$7 a barrel; four times seven makes 28; and thirty cents a day for drinks is \$108.00, or \$81.50 more per year than the bread for a family of five persons costs. "But," says A, "I only take two drinks a day." Very well, you pay then for your drinks \$73 a year; only \$45 more than you pay for the bread consumed by your whole family, if it contains five persons. This sum would provide tea and coffee for them.

Here, then, we see that the man who pays even twenty cents a day for liquor, spends a sum sufficient to supply his family with bread, tea, and coffee for the year. Is it strange that times are hard, that men complain of the government, and charge that it oppresses them with onerous taxes? The above figures show how men tax themselves, and how they tax the property too.

Green Dresses.

Green ball dresses are always much in fashion for the fair-complexioned ladies whom they suit. But the bright green which looks so charming carries death with it, and the dressmakers who make up the dresses, and the ladies who wear them, suffer from the effects of the arsenic of copper which gives the much-admired dye. We extract a note sent to a contemporary, which contains a warning as to these poisonous ball dresses.

You are read in so many households where ball dresses are required that I am sure you will do good service in calling attention to the green ball-dress, of which and its arsenical dye I sent you a note the other day. I wrote to the firm who supplied the sample I examined, and in reply they say, "We are aware that the green ball-dress contains arsenic in the dye, and some time since we gave instructions to our assistants to mention it to all customers purchasing it, and believe it is now generally known by ladies, and we feel ourselves compelled to keep it to supply our customers to prevent them going elsewhere." It is certainly not generally known by ladies that this green is arsenic of copper, and I am sure that a hint from you would save many a dressmaker from the evils to which she is now subjected by thoughtless or ignorant customers.

It is a dreadful depth of poverty when a man cannot pay his attention to the ladies.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

The sun shone on her bonnet by day,
By night the moonbeams fair;
And, as of old in Israel,
Times never darkness there.
And all the people marvelled much
To see the wondrous sight;
"She sure must be a Saint," they said,
"Who has unfading light."

"Nay, nay," spoke one, "no Saint is she,
For she is always gay;
Her laughter clear, and bright the smile
That on her lips doth play;
And light and gladness in her step,
For unto her seems life
More like a child's long game of play,
Than a Christian's weary strife."

"None ever saw her smile her breast,
Or ever weep for sin;
The gleams of the joys of earth:
No Saint is she, I wot.
The Saints love hardness, vigil, fast,
And discipline and prayer;
And what their Master bore for them,
For His dear sake to bear."

Yet still the golden sun by day,
And the pure fair moon by night,
Though darkness might be all around—
With her made always light.
And still the people marvelled all,
The wonder grew apace—
What God saw in that lady's soul
To call for such a grace.

The holy Bishop came to her,
And solemnly he spake;
"My daughter, tell me of your faith,
And of the food you take."
The lady smiled, as to herself,
And answered, low and sweet,
Of diverse meats and delicate,
"My Lord, I always eat."

"Then plainly answer me, my child,
And tell me if you wear
Beneath that soft and glistening silk,
A painful robe of hair;
If thus you take into your life
The sufferings borne for you;
If thus the Cross of Calvary
You always keep in view."

"My Father," clear she spake again,
"No robe of hair is mine;
The linen that I ever use
Is white, and soft, and fine."
The holy man, perplexed sore,
Turned back upon his way;
And still the moon shone on by night,
And God's bright sun by day.

And as he journeyed left the place
For some three days behind,
Anon, the while he prayed, there came
A thought into his mind.
And speeding back, once more he reached
That lady's house full soon,
A pure white house, enlivened o'er
By rays of winter moon.

"My daughter"—and his voice was low
And hushed as if in prayer—
"Lo! 't is thou not greatly Christ our Lord?"
And straight there fell on her
A dazzling radiance as from Heaven,
And such a smile of love,
As Angels nearest to the Throne
May wear, we think, above.

"He is my Lord, my Love, my All,
The sweetness of my life;
He is my Strength in weakness—He
Survives with me in the strife.
I am in Him and He in me,
My only Hope and Stay;
In Him I take my rest by night,
In Him I work by day."

"My heart is faint to break with joy
When on His Love I think;
'Neath that sweet burden, save for Him,
My soul must faint and sink."
She paused; and then he laid his hand
Upon her gold-crowned head,
And blessed her with a blessing high
Ere on his way he sped.

Gold and Silver Mines.

The richest and most valuable mines have in almost all instances been discovered by accident; often by ignorant persons, who knew not the value of their own discovery, and by children. To an Indian hunter is owed the knowledge of the chief American mines, and to a shepherd the silver mines of Peru. This latter leading his flock to feed on the slopes of the Andes, lighted a fire to cook his meal, when a pebble heated by the flame attracted his attention by shining like silver. He found the stone shining and weighty, and finally carried it to the mint at Lima, where it was tested, and proved to be good ore. At the Spanish laws, with a view to encourage mine discovery, make it the property of the finder, this lucky shepherd became a millionaire.

The Sacramento gold-fields were discovered by a Mormon laborer, who worked in a saw-mill. Again in North Carolina, in 1799, a child picked up a yellow stone, of which his father, a rude settler, thought nothing, but because it weighed fifteen pounds, used it as a door-fastener for his cabin, for he was so poor that the door had no latch. He showed this stone to one of his few visitors, and he opined it to be a metal of some sort, after which verdict the owner used to exhibit it as a curious rock specimen. Three years afterwards, on going to the market of Lafayette, he took the thing to a goldsmith, and asked fifteen shillings for it, which was very willingly paid. It was in reality a nugget worth \$250. Thus it took four years to find out that the yellow stone in the streams of California were gold.

It is fair to state, however, that science has occasionally predicted where the precious metals have afterwards been found. Sir Roderick Murchison, for instance, after a visit to the auriferous tracts of the Urals Mountains, was struck by their great similarity to some rock specimens from West Australia; and in his address to the Geological Society in 1844, prophesied that gold would be found in the latter region. Led by his observations, one Smith, engaged in the iron-works at Bertha, searched for gold, and found it. He came to the governor of the colony with a nugget in his hand. "See what I have found," said he; "give me five hundred pounds, and I will show you the place," which the governor declined to do. Again, Macgregor, a Scotch shepherd, used to sell grains and nuggets of gold to the goldsmiths of Sydney, but would never reveal whence he got them. It is not usual, however, for discoverers

of the precious metals to be prudent; they consider themselves "lucky" in this particular, and will leave or sell a good "find" in hopes of finding a better. This is what the Spaniards call "the miners' frenzy." Thus, the richest vein of silver in Chili was discovered by Godoy, a hunter in the Andes. Fatigued by the chase, he seated himself, on one occasion, under the shelter of a great rock, and was struck by the color and brightness of a projecting part. He stepped the stone with a knife, and finding he could cut it (to use his own expression) like cheese, he took a specimen of it to Copiapo. It was found to be composed of silver. He agreed to share the profits of his discovery with a rich man, who engaged to work the mine; they came at 6 o'clock to mass of silver, but Godoy sold his interest in the mine for two thousand eight hundred pounds, and started to find more mine; and having wandered about the Andes for some years, died, having met with no more "luck," and without a penny.

Two brothers, named Bolados, discovered near Copiapo, in a service opened by some earthquake, an enormous block of silver ore, the cutting, transport, and fusion of which was so easy, that these ignorant men effected it without assistance; and in less than two years, realized one hundred and forty thousand pounds. They squandered, however, this enormous sum in gambling and dissipation; and when their mine became suddenly exhausted, they had not even the wretched pittance left on which they had begun.

The history of the discoverers of the famous Allison-Rauch in Nevada is a more satisfactory one. Some poor Irishmen, workers in a neighboring mine, were so fortunate as to hit upon it. They were so satisfied as not to be able to write their names, but they were excellent fellows. They first built a chapel, to thank God for his favors; then they erected handsome villas, and placed their workmen in exceptional positions; and they went by turns every week to San Francisco to spend their ingots of gold. They retained their simplicity, though with an income as large as that of many princes in Europe, but refused to furnish any statement of their receipts.

The success of Gould and Curry in their Nevada silver mine is even more astounding; they were so poor that they were at first obliged to barter two-thirds of their claim to a grocer for the necessities of life, notwithstanding which they have realized enormous sums for their own portion. Including the product of 1887, the Gould and Curry Company have got fourteen millions of dollars out of their mine.

The history of the Monte Catini Mine in Tuscany is very curious. M. Porte, its original owner, was half ruined by it, and sold it in 1837. Immediately afterwards, a block of massive ore was found that paid all expenses, and left four thousand pounds net profit. Then for fifteen years the mine produced forty thousand pounds a year, and still continued to yield largely. M. Porte, who had witnessed this heart-rending spectacle of the immediate success of others where he had labored in vain for years, soon died of grief. His marble bust adorns the entrance of the principal gallery of Monte Catini, but his heirs are poor.

M. Simonin, who is, we suspect, a man of genius as well as of science, has left no stone unturned in the elucidation of his subject. He has even had a personal experience of the Spanish diviners, those who, by a hazel wand, tell you what precious metals lie beneath your feet; but the experiment was not satisfactory.

In the mines of the French Alps, a very curious proceeding is adopted, which was invented by Lady, Madame Rey. She would explore the mountain, holding a piece of string, to which was attached a five-franc piece, a piece of lead, or a large copper coin, and pretended that this pendulum vibrated on approaching the vicinity of a lode. She marked with stones the places where this happened, and then connected the points with an imaginary line, saying:—"That is the direction of the lode." M. Simonin does not attach much importance to this method; which, indeed, contradicts the law of physics, which asserts that bodies of the same nature mutually repel each other—but he allows that Madame Rey has really discovered hitherto unknown mines.—Simonin's Mines and Minerals.

Three Poets.

Cambridge is the home of three of the foremost of American poets—Longfellow, Lowell, and Holmes. The venerable house which was the birthplace of the latter, stands in a picturesque and shady corner, opposite the college-yard, looking out upon the Common and the churches and graveyard. His father, a former minister of the town, was also distinguished as the author of the "American Annual," a standard work of early American history. His house was the Revolutionary headquarters of General Ward.

Prof. Lowell (for all of the triad of poets are, or have been, professors in the university) lives in a fine old house, situated about half-way between the village and Mount Auburn, in the midst of a large enclosure, well shaded by venerable trees, under the poet tenderly cherishes, for here, under their shadow, he was born—and here, what is rare in this country, he still in middle life has remained to this day.

The fine old mansion, once the headquarters of Washington, is an object of interest to all visitors, naturally attracting attention from its size and elegance of design, and its spacious grounds, apart from the patriotic associations that have for years made it almost a sacred spot in the eyes of all. This interesting house has been preserved unchanged since the days when the great Father of his Country dwelt within its walls, and, with anxious heart, walked in the old box-lined paths of his spacious gardens. Still overshadowed by some of the old elms that sheltered him, it stands, not a ruin, like his own Mount Vernon, but at this day one of the most elegant mansions, in all its appointments, that is anywhere to be found.

And well may it be so preserved; for, during many years, it has been the property and the home of Longfellow, who, in the judgment of the world, stands among the foremost of the poets of our time. As his residence it has gained a new fame, and another claim to veneration in the hearts of Americans. Long may it be his home, in his reverent hands secure from alteration or ruin, while preserved by his pious care!

MY LOVE OF LONG AGO.

The rose has faded from thy cheek,
And furrowed is thy brow;
Thy sparkling eyes, that seemed to speak,
Are dull and heavy now;
The locks on thy beloved head,
That once were like to golden thread,
Are white as winter snow;
Yet in my love for thee not dead,
My love of long ago.

I, too, am old, but at thy voice
I have youthfulness;
For music makes my heart rejoice,
And there with those desires
To know some others of the time
When we were both in life's glad prime—
Sweet sounds, though faint and low,
Like some far-distant wedding chime—
My love of long ago.

A Visit to Tennyson.

I went to the door of Farringford with a letter from Robert Browning, and was received with cordiality. After dinner he took me up to his study, where he sat smoking and talking in the frank manner. Among other things, he told me of the people who layd him, the incidents being sometimes very amusing. Two men, for example, having got into his garden separately, one climbed a tree at the approach of the other. The other seeing him, called out softly, "I twig!" and immediately climbed another tree. And yet he declared that no man was more accessible than he to anyone who had any good reason for wishing to see him, or had any introduction to him. So I, for one, certainly found it, the hospitality of Farringford having been offered to me beyond my willingness to accept them. It had been a stormy evening, and the night was of pitchy darkness when I started out, against kind invitations to remain, to go to the "Albion" inn, near by. Tennyson insisted on showing me a nearer way, but amidst the darkness got off his bearings. Bidding me walk close behind him, we went forward through the mud, when suddenly I found myself precipitated some eight or ten feet downward. Sitting in the mud, I called on the poet to pause; but it was too late; he was speedily seated beside me. This was seeing the Laureate of England in a new light, or rather, hearing him under a new darkness. Covered with mud, groping about in the darkness, he improved the odd occasion with such an incessant run of witticisms and anecdotes that I had to conclude that we had reached a condition which had discovered treasures of fun and humor in him before unsuspected. His deep bass voice came through the congenial darkness like a mirthful thunder, not without flashes of light; and the shades of all who ever stumbled in the night seemed around him, and to remind him of a whole literature of such emergencies. Vexation was at least not among the shadows that encompassed us, though for a time we were wandering in a muddy field, with no object, not even the sky visible. "That this should have happened after dinner!" he exclaimed. "Do not mention this to the temperance folk." Tennyson's love of fun, his wealth of witty stories, were from the first a surprise to me. But, indeed, he is personally very different in every way from the man I expected to see. Tall, of dark complexion, with deep and blunt nose and manner, almost Quaker-like in its plainness, fond of the homeliest faxon words, he seemed to be the last person one would have picked out as the delicate and superstitious idyllic. In conversation he never rose into anything like the heroic strain, except when speaking of England. His pride in his country amounts to a passion. He had also a keen interest in all scientific subjects, concerning which he has evidently read a great deal. He spoke much of the philosophical questions of the day also, his interest in which has led to the foundation of the meetings for discussion between Huxley, Tyndall, Dr. Manning, James Martineau, himself, and others. Next morning it was found that Mrs. Tennyson had directed the gardener to make some improvements at that point which had not been completed. A walk was in existence there, however, at the close of the next day, to which was given a name commemorative of the catastrophe, which was happily without any unpleasant results.

The next morning was brilliant, and the poet took me on a walk around the manor, of which he is lord, the advantages of the position being that he can have his sheep graze on the common, which otherwise belong as much to the public as to himself. The house is modest and cheerful, surrounded by beautiful trees, with, on one side, a thicket of wild bushes and pines, very favorable to the pursuers already mentioned. The window of his study opens on a magnificent sea view. The quiet home where Tennyson dwells, surrounded by a charming household, is well portrayed in his invitation to the Rev. F. D. Maurice:—

"Where, far from smoke and noise of town,
I watch the twilight falling brown
All round a careless ordered garden,
Close to the ridge of a noble down."

"You'll have no scandal while you dine,
But honest talk and wholesome wine,
And only hear the magpie gossip
Garrulous under a roof of pine."

"For groves of pine on either hand,
To break the blast of winter stand;
And further on the hoary channel
Tumbles a breaker on chalk and sand."

The poet has sometimes received as well as sent out poetical invitations. Here is one from Walter Savage Landor:—

"I entreat you, Alfred Tennyson,
Come and share my banquet of reason;
I have, too, a bit of claret,
Good, but better when you share it.
Though 't is only a small bin,
There's a stock of it within,
And, as sure as I'm a rhymist,
Half a bust of Bunsen's.
Come; among the sons of men is none
Welcomer than Alfred Tennyson!"

When I have seen the Laureate in London, he has always seemed, in dress, manner, and expression, to be out of place, as a wild wood-bird might be alighting for a moment in Hyde Park, but dreaming of the forest whose glooms its wings were meant to light up. He is the natural companion of the clouds, the down, and

the breathing vapor, with the far-off vision from which they bear his well-matched members. And as I parted from him on the hill, to wind my way to London again, I turned to look upon him as he was passing out upon the sea, and the cliff wound his appropriate pedestal. He stands in my memory as the Frangere of an ethereal lake.

Deep Sea Life.

Dr. Carpenter has returned in safety from the third trip in deep sea dredging. His results quite bear out the conclusions drawn from the two previous ones. Some new facts, however, of extreme interest have been discovered, the publication of which we may expect shortly. It is hardly possible to overstate the importance of these investigations, in the bearing on the most important general questions of biology, physical geography and geology. They teach us that the bottom of the sea ocean is the home of many organisms, who live there in the absence of light, and great pressure, in water often extremely cold—just above freezing point—abounding in carbonic acid and in organic matter. Of these influences, the one which makes itself most felt, is that of cold. It is this, and not the pressure, nor the want of bright sunlight that stunts the creatures, and makes them reproduce at the bottom of equatorial seas the fauna of arctic surface regions. Nor is the life at these depths confined to low-born Foraminifera, or to that wonderful proto-plasmic Siphonaria, which Professor Huxley told the British Association at Exeter, had been found in soundings from many quarters of the globe, and which, therefore, seem to be a sort of alien of living matter, occupying the whole earth beneath the sea. Where, as in certain regions, the deep waters are warm, highly oxygenated beings of bright colors and well-appointed eyes, are brought up by the dredge. These researchers press upon us the question:—Is it possible for living matter to be born and nourished in the absence of light, in the presence of carbonic acid, and in the absence of any heat higher than the temperature of about 50 degrees Fahrenheit, in the absence, that is, of almost any form which can be transmitted into vital force? At these great depths there is no vegetation properly so called, and Prof. Wyville Thomson, who is associated with Dr. Carpenter in these researches, is of opinion that here the lowest living beings feed on the lifeless organic matter which exists in so large a quantity in the water. We seem here to be near the transition from complex lifeless protoplasmic matter and living protoplasm. The exact condition and nature of this organic matter is of extreme importance, and we understand a distinguished chemist is about to make it the subject of an inquiry. There is another point of no less interest. These organisms, which are thus building up chalk strata (for this deep Atlantic ocean is nothing but incipient chalk) at the bottom of the ocean are, to a very large extent, identical with many of the remains found in the chalk formations. This is so much the case that we may speak of the old hills of millions of years ago, and laying now the foundation of the chalk hills of times to come, themselves remaining unchanged all the time between.—Academy.

How Some People Marry.

A young man meets a pretty face in the ball-room, falls in love with it, courts it, marries it, goes to housekeeping with it, and boasts of having a home and a wife to grace it. The chances are, nine to ten, that he has neither. He has been "taken in and done for!" Her pretty face gets to be an old story, or becomes faded, or freckled, or fretted, and as the face was all he wanted, all he paid attention to, all he set up with, all he bargained for, he gets sick of his trade, knows of a dozen faces he likes better, gives up staying at home evenings, comes himself with cigars, oysters and politics, and looks upon his home as a very indifferent boarding-house.

A family of children grows up about him; but neither he nor his "face" knows anything about training them, so they come up better-skilled; made toys of when babies, dolls when boys and girls, drudges when men and women; and so passes a year after year, and not one quiet, happy, homely hour known throughout the whole household. Another young man becomes enamored of a "fortune." He waits upon it to parties, dances the polka with it, exchanges billets-doux with it, poses the question to it, gets accepted by it, takes it to the parson, weds it, calls it "wife," carries it home, sets up an establishment with it, introduces it to his friends, and says he, too, is married and has got a home. It is false. He is not married; he has no home. And he soon finds it out. He is in the wrong box; but it is too late to get out of it; he might as well hope to get out of his coffin. His friends congratulate him, and he has to grin and bear it. They praise the house, the furniture, the credit, the new Bible, and bid the "fortune," and he who husbands it, good-morning. As if he had known a good-morning since he and that glided fortune were declared to be one.

Take another case. A young woman is smitten with a pair of whiskers. Curled hair never before had such charms. She sees her cap for them; they take. The delighted whiskers make an offer, proffering themselves both in exchange for one heart. My dear miss is overcome with magnanimity, closes the bargain, carries home the prize, shows it to pa and ma, calls herself engaged to it, thinks there never was such a pair of whiskers before, and in a few weeks they are married. Married! Yes, the world calls it so, and so we will. What is the result? A short honeymoon, and then the discovery that they are as unlike as chalk and cheese, and not to be made one, though all the priests in Christendom pronounced them so.

Customer (to clerk in a hardware store).—"Show me a small, low-priced screw." Clerk (facetiously).—"Perhaps you mean a pair of screws." Customer (severely).—"I mean precisely what I said." Clerk (defiantly, opening a specimen article).—"Are there not two blades here? and don't two make a pair?" Customer (triumphantly).—"You have two legs; does that make you a pair of men?" The screws were done up in profound silence.

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March 12, 1870.

GEORGE CANTEBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

THE POSTER-DOR.

The wild wind was whistling and booming round the station at Chilling as the train came rushing along in the dusk of a fine evening, when autumn was musing itself into winter. Time, working its changes and changes, had extended still farther the branch of the Aberton railway; and Chilling itself had a station now. It was not much more than a bleak little shed and a telegraph-box; but Chilling was proud of it, and at least three trains a day stopped there.

It brought freight this time. Out of one first-class compartment stepped Thomas Kage, out of another Mrs. Dunn—Lydia Canterbury in the days gone by; neither of whom had known that the other was in the train. It sometimes happens so. Both of them had come down unexpectedly—that is, unknown to their friends in Chilling. A solitary fly was waiting outside. Mrs. Dunn made for it in haste, but anybody else should appropriate it first, and was calling out to the porter to bring her luggage, when Thomas Kage went up to her.

"Goodness me!" cried she in her off-hand manner, "what brings you here?"

"I have come down on a little business," he answered. "I did not know you were in the train."

"I'm sure I did not know you were. I wish I had known it. Would you like a seat in the fly? I am going to surprise them at Thornhedge Villa; they don't know of my coming."

"No, thank you. I shall see you soon."

The fly, laden with its luggage, was rattled off. Mrs. Dunn ordered it to stop at Chilling Rectory; it lay in the line of route to Thornhedge Villa; and indeed, in her usual free-and-easy independence, she had not quite made up her mind which dwelling to honor with a first visit. Thomas Kage thought she must have come to surprise some of them with a tolerably long sojourn, as he looked after the pile of boxes on the fly's roof.

Turning away, he found himself greeted by a respectable, portly man, wearing the black clothes and white necktie of an upper servant. Mr. Kage knew the face, but could not remember where he had seen it.

"Neel, sir; butler at the Rock."

"To be sure," said Mr. Kage. "I remember Mrs. Dawkes told me you remained at the Rock."

"Yes, sir. They wanted a responsible person to take charge at the Rock during their long absence from it, what with the valuable paintings and furniture, so I have stayed; and the Major took on a London butler up there, who robbed them frightfully, we hear."

"Is Mrs. Dawkes staying at the Rock now?"

"She is, sir. She has never been away from it since she came down when the poor little heir died in the summer. I think she is very ill, sir."

"I will see her to-morrow," said Mr. Kage.

He walked away with Neel's last words ringing in his ears, carrying his small traveling-bag in his hand—for he had the same propensity to wait on himself as of yore, when practicable. He had not seen Mrs. Dawkes since the day of the child's funeral, for she had quitted London immediately. Twice he had written to her at the Rock, friendly notes of inquiry as to her health and welfare; but Mrs. Dawkes had not answered either. When he met the Major in town, as would happen sometimes by chance, he was told Mrs. Dawkes was pretty well, and enjoying the country.

During the long vacation a matter of pressing business connected with Lord Harlington had taken Mr. Kage first to Switzerland and then to Scotland. He returned to London in October, was up to his eyes in business for a fortnight, and had now travelled down into Chilling for a special purpose—namely, to see Mrs. Canterbury to be his wife.

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AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNN," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER XXIV.

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Turning back he looked for the Canterbury Arms, he reached some of the first of the trees, the rock, the house, a hill, and then, without delay, he was in the garden at the Rectory. Taking the narrow way to Thornhedge Villa—the Mrs. Canterbury residence—where their father's ill-omened second marriage—he was entering the garden-gate, when a young lady, running up with feet full of speed from the opposite direction, nearly ran against him.

"Millicent!"

She gave a little scream of surprise, and started in the dusk from the extended hand. But it was truly and veritably Thomas Kage—his name, his face, himself—and Mrs. Millicent quickly began his name, and blushed like a school-girl.

"It has so surprised me. There's scarcely any one in the world I should have less thought of seeing than you. I have been to the school," Millicent added rapidly, as if wishing to divert some agitation that she was very conscious her manner betrayed.

"My dear, I am not strong, and I take the trouble of the school from her."

"I think there is another surprise in store for you. What should you say if I told you your sister is here?"

"Mrs. Dunn?" asked Millicent, looking towards the windows of the house.

"Mrs. Dunn."

"Impossible!"

"Quite possible, and quite true," said Thomas Kage.

"But she is in Germany. We are beginning to think she intends to take up her abode there for good."

"I think she must be intending to take it up here for good. I judge by the looks that have come with her."

Millicent laughed. He explained about the meeting as they walked along. In point of fact, Mrs. Dunn, obeying one of her many sudden whims, had taken it into her head to quit Germany, and come down to see her relatives. The writing to inform them she had looked upon as quite superfluous.

Millicent's pulses were beating. Kage had in truth been a leading love, enduring through many years and no change of scene. No courtship, at least, that she could take hold of, though now and again stray tones and looks, in their rare meetings, might have whispered hope to her heart.

"You have not seen Mrs. Dawkes lately?" observed Millicent.

"Not since her child died. What a blow that was!"

"A worse one for her than we can even imagine, I fear," said Millicent. "She looks fearfully ill, but we very rarely meet. You have come down, I suppose, to see her?"

"Not so. I came down, Millicent, to see you."

A hot blush in her face, a startled look, visible even in the dim twilight. Mr. Kage touched her arm, and drew her down a side-path they were passing.

"Let us walk here for a few minutes, Millicent."

Seated by her dressing-room fire, with little provision of the curtains in store for her, was Olive Canterbury. The door opened softly, and Millicent came in.

"Olive, will you go into the drawing-room?" she said. "Some one is there."

"Who is it, Lett?" asked Mrs. Canterbury, wondering what could have sent the young lady's face into its scarlet glow.

"Thomas Kage. He came down by train. He wants to see you."

Down sat Millicent as she spoke; she was not wanted in the drawing-room. Olive Canterbury took notice of the signs—the faltering tones and the downcast eyes—drew her conclusions, and passed out of the room with a stately step. As to Mrs. Dunn, she had gone out of Lett's mind wholesale.

"Your visit is unexpected, but I am very glad to see you," said Olive, shaking Mr. Kage's hand heartily, for he was a great favorite of hers.

"My visit is to Millicent," he answered, plunging at once into the matter that had brought him down.

"I have come to ask her to be my wife. I should have asked it long ago, but that brief did not come in so quickly as I wished. They have taken a turn for the better of late."

"And what does Millicent say?"

"Millicent ran away and said nothing," he answered with a smile; "nothing very decisive, at any rate. So I called out that I had better see you."

"A good sign," laughed Mrs. Canterbury. "I fancy you and Lett have understood each other for some time," she added. "I know I used to think so when we were in London."

"Tactfully, I think we have. And I hope Millicent has understood why it was only tactfully. I was too poor to speak."

"Millicent's fortune would have helped you on, Mr. Kage."

"It is that fortune which has kept me from her," he replied.

"It need not. It is only ten thousand pounds."

Thomas Kage raised his eyes, bright with amusement, to Mrs. Canterbury's face.

"Only ten thousand! A very paltry sum, no doubt, to the Miss Canterbury, reared to their hundreds of thousands, but a Godsend to a struggling barrister."

"Reared to their hundreds of thousands; yes!" retorted Mrs. Canterbury, with a swelling heart, "but not enjoying them."

Sitting down, he went briefly over his position with her; showing her what his present income was; saying how greatly the bequest of the two houses from Mrs. Garston had helped him on. He should scarcely think himself justified yet in removing to the larger of the two, according to the wish expressed by his kind old friend, he said; but Millicent should decide the point for herself. Both of them evidently took her consent to the marriage for granted. Mrs. Canterbury asked him to stay and partake of dinner, without ceremony.

But are that meal could be announced, even now as they were talking together, up dashed Mrs. Dunn's fly, with part of the luggage, taking the house by storm. The other part had been left at the Rectory, for she meant to divide her time between them, she told Olive. Olive was delighted to see her; it seemed an age since they met.

Not a greater contrast than of yore did the three sisters present, sitting down to dinner together. Olive, lefty in mind, lefty in manner, tall, handsome, always self-possessed; Lydia Dunn, stout, restless, an inveterate talker; Millicent, much younger than either, quiet and graceful. But Millicent would never see twenty-seven again. Time passes swiftly; year follows year, each with a more rapid wing than its precursor. Mrs. Canterbury took as usual the head of her table, requesting Thomas Kage to face her.

"Now then, Mr. Kage, I am going to

Buddha has more worshippers in the world than Christ has. This statement is very startling; but when we remember that the greater part of the four hundred millions of Chinese are Buddhists, besides the populations of Japan, Burmah, Siam, Tibet and Ceylon, it seems to be true, for these countries contain nearly half of the whole human race. The Buddhists, if the whole world were under one government, with a perfect equality of rights, would be able to outvote the Protestant Christians by five or six to one; and a rather singular exemplification would be afforded of saying that infrequently in the mouths of demagogues, that the voice of the people is the voice of God."

cross-question you," impatiently began Mrs. Dunn, the instant the servants had left them alone after dinner. "Who gave the poison to that child, little Tom Canterbury?"

"That is a problem I cannot solve," was his reply.

"You were on the spot at the time."

"I was in London."

"And I should," pursued Mrs. Dunn in a tone of much resentment, "it was a dreadful occurrence; and all the information I could gain of it was by letters or hearsay. Do you tell me the particulars. I had a great mind to come over and ascertain them for myself; but it would have mattered not to me. Begin at the beginning, please."

He had been dangerously ill with inflammation of the chest, but was getting better; in fact, was nearly well," said Mr. Kage, obeying her implicitly, and recalling the facts. "Mrs. Dawkes was about to take him to the Rock for change of air. That same morning, the one they ought to have started, he was found dead in his bed."

"And had died from a dose of opium. But now, who gave it him?"

"The facts were shrouded in mystery," continued Mr. Kage, "and the coroner's jury returned an open verdict. The nurse was perfectly trustworthy, and the child had not been out of her night the whole of the previous day. She undressed him, gave him his regular medicine, and put him into his bed by the side of her own. She heard nothing of him in the night; and in the morning, when she came to take him up, he was dead."

"What was that medicine?" suspiciously asked Mrs. Dunn.

"Harmless, proper medicine, as was proved at the inquest. He had been taking a dose of opium of it three times a day."

"Some one must have got into the bedroom and administered the poison; that's clear," said Mrs. Dunn. "The nurse Judith was trustworthy; I'll give her that due. She was one of the housemaids at the Rock, before we left it, or my father had made a simpleton of himself by marrying that flighty child Caroline Kage. When the changes came, and the new baby was born, Judith became his nurse. Yes, she was to be trusted. But somebody must have got into the chamber while she slept."

"No one went in; that seems to have been certain," observed Mr. Kage.

"Oh, yes, I know it was so asserted," contemptuously returned Mrs. Dunn; "but the boy could not have found a bottle of laudanum in his bed, uncorked ready for use, and swallowed it down. It does not stand to reason, Mr. Kage."

"Judith deposed that she never left the room for more than a couple of minutes after the boy was in bed, and then no one could have got to him. She put up some things that would be wanted for the journey in the morning, and then went to bed herself, the doors being locked; and they were so locked when she rose in the morning. No one could have entered."

"Well, all I know is, that poison cannot be taken into a child's mouth without its being put there; and you are the first person that ever I heard say it could, Mr. Kage."

He glanced at the angry lady with a spice of merriment; but for the grave subject, he might have laughed outright. "Did I say it could, Mrs. Dunn?"

"Just as good, when you assert that nobody was near him but Judith."

"Judith never left him; that appears to be a fact," interposed Mrs. Canterbury, speaking for the first time. "The medical men thought the poison had been taken about evening time, did they not, Mr. Kage?"

Thomas Kage nodded.

"Now, Olive, pray let me speak," broke in her impatient sister. "You were in the way of hearing it at the time, remember. Mr. Kage, I want to know what your opinion is—how did he come by the poison? Do you suspect any one of having given it to him. Answer me frankly amidst ourselves."

"Frankly speaking, Mrs. Dunn, I cannot answer you. As to suspecting any one—No. The child seems to have been so entirely encompassed about by protection, that I do not see how it was possible for harm, whether in the shape of mankind or woman-kind, to approach him. The matter to me appears to be one of those mysteries that cannot be accounted for."

"Then you positively know nothing more to tell me!" cried the exasperated Mrs. Dunn.

"I really do not."

"Well, I'm sure I never heard of such a thing. So unsatisfactory! Where's Judith now?"

"Judith took another situation after-

wards," said Mrs. Canterbury. "Somewhere in Essex, I think."

"Mrs. Dawkes has been a fine girl. The death gave her all the splendid Canterbury fortune."

"Hush, Lydia!" interrupted Olive. "However much we may have felt disposed to cast previous reflections on Mrs. Dawkes, we can not have the slightest sympathy for her in her great misfortune. I believe she idolized the child."

"She was very fond of him," said Mr. Kage, "and her grief was pitiable to witness. She clung round me, and asked if I could not bring him back to life. Fry sent for me in the afternoon, and I found Caroline almost beside herself. Major Dawkes had gone out, about some of the necessary arrangements," she said, "and she was alone. She clung to me, as I tell you, in a sad state; I hardly knew what to do with her."

"She came down to the Rock a mere skeleton, the day after the funeral," remarked Mrs. Canterbury. "We were shocked when we called upon her. She briefly and shakily told us the particulars, talking with what you have now related, and said she should never recover the blow during life. I thought, as she spoke, that she little knew how time heals the worst pang; but I fear my thoughts were too fast, for she does not recover either strength or spirits. We scarcely ever see her; there seems to be an unwillingness on her part to receive visitors, and she leads a very secluded life. I do not think it can be good for her."

"The Major passes most of his time in London," abruptly remarked Thomas Kage.

"He passes it somewhere," replied Mrs. Canterbury; "he is rarely at the Rock."

"At any rate, he has gained by the bargain," cried the incoherent Mrs. Dunn. "It is a magnificent fortune for him to have dropped into, all unexpectedly, through the demise of a little step-son."

"It is his wife who has dropped into it, not he," remarked Mrs. Canterbury.

"As if he did not have the finger of it!" retorted Mrs. Dunn.

And Thomas Kage drew in his lips, compressing them to silence. "Fingering, say."

"Keriah Dawkes, that sister of his, lives with her, I hear," said Mrs. Dunn. "Austin Rufford told me. A nice wet blanket she must be, judging by her face, to live with an invalid!"

"A cold, gray, hard-looking woman," acquiesced Olive Canterbury. "Caroline comes abroad but rarely; when she does, it is but to walk or drive to her mother's cottage and home again; and Mrs. Dawkes is always with her like her shadow. Poor Caroline seems as though she could never more find comfort in life; it is a sadness painful to look upon."

"On my goodness! And what satisfaction has the fortune brought her, that she so schemed for?" cried Lydia Dunn. "Only a few short years, and to have it believed that there's a more comfort for her in life! And her mother—the worse plotter of the two—a nice miserable object she is, by all accounts! Austin Rufford came in from seeing her this afternoon while I was there. We are better off than they are, with all their wealth. As to that Dawkes, Mrs. Garston knew what she was about when she left her fortune away from him. She was an incident old woman to the last, though. Fancy a Bible and Prayer-book the legacy to me, and to Olive a case of diamonds! I'm sick of the world at times. Let us go to the drawing-room, if nobody wants to take anything more."

In her accustomed fashion, she rose at once and went away. When Mr. Kage followed them, he found Millicent alone near the fire; her sisters were at the far end of the room, examining some presents brought by Mrs. Dunn from Germany.

"Millicent, I have had no direct answer, remember," he said, in a low tone. "But I am easy on the score; for I know the signs of rejection well, and you do not wear them."

"Have you been rejected, that you know them well?"

"Once—years ago."

"By Caroline Kage?" she whispered.

"Even so. I thought you must have known it at the time. I loved her, Millicent; how deeply, matters little now, and not mattered since that time. She broke the spell too rudely."

"When she left you to marry my father—or rather, his fortune; for that was what in truth she married. But she did love you, Thomas; I saw it then; and she continued to love you, or I am mistaken, after papa's death."

He knew she had. But he was strictly honorable; and that love and his acknow-

ledge would be buried with the archives of his own heart for ever.

"I shall not take you the less for having loved me, having loved a woman in the days gone by."

She felt that to be true. But there's a dash of coquetry in all women, and will be to the end of time. Millicent affected to doubt.

"If Major Dawkes were to die to-morrow, leaving Caroline free, you might wish that you had not spoken to me."

"Mr. Kage looked at her."

"That contingency has never come, when your father died."

No answer.

"Millicent, seeing I am now loving one of you as I do now, and not the other, were you and Caroline standing before me for my choice, and she had never been more than free, never a wife, it is yes, I should like. Time has worked its changes within me, as well as in life's events. My darling, you need not doubt me!"

Her hand was clutched in his; a sweet smile parted her lips; and he had cheek, partly turned from him, showed a bright gleam of rose color.

It was rather cruel abruptly to interrupt the interview; and perhaps Olive Canterbury herself thought so, but she had no other resource. A servant had come in, bringing a note for Mr. Kage, marked "Immediate." He wondered the cause of writing to him there and then; but when he looked at the superscription, he saw it was from Mrs. Dawkes.

"Open your note, Mr. Kage; don't stand on ceremony."

He was opening it to Mrs. Dunn's eyes. She watched him, feeling curious. It contained a request, then, which some more earnest had over long passed, that he would go at once to the Rock, would return with the messenger, and not speak of it to any one.

"Who has brought this?" he asked of the servant.

"It's Fry, sir, Mrs. Dawkes's maid; she is waiting at the door; she'd not come in."

With a word of apology to Mrs. Canterbury for his departure, and some of explanation, Mr. Kage hastened. Outside the door Fry, who said that Mrs. Dawkes wanted to see him for something very peculiar indeed, if he would be so kind as to go back to the Rock with her. Mr. Kage acquiesced, and they proceeded on the way together.

"I hear your mistress is not in a good state of health," he observed.

"She's just in that state, sir, that unless a change takes place more speedily than the possible, she will not last long," was the maid's answer.

He was deeply shocked, but he made no comment; though he could not but think there was something unreasonable in her thus grieving to death for the loss of a fragile child.

"Is the Major at the Rock just now?" he inquired.

"No, sir. His sister is with us; she came down here the day following that one me and my mistress came, and she has never gone away since. As to the Major, it's not often he troubles the Rock."

"But with his wife in this precarious state?" debated Thomas Kage.

"Oh, as to that, my poor mistress would as soon leave her room as his company. They are not too good friends, sir."

Fry gave her head a toss in the starlight. It seemed evident that she was not too good a friend of the Major's either. Mr. Kage said nothing.

"My mistress has been wanting to see you so much, sir, that she was talking of sending to London for you," resumed Fry. "When I told her to-night that you were at Chilling, she said it was nothing but a Providence that had brought you down."

"How did you know I was here?"

"Need brought it upon me, sir. He went to the station after a parcel of books Mrs. Dawkes expected, and saw you there. I went round to the luncheon, and they said they thought you had gone to Mrs. Canterbury's."

"Is it the grieving for the child that has brought your mistress into this sad state of health?"

"It can't be anything else, sir. She has never looked up, so to say, since he was put into his grave. Not that she ever speaks of it, even to me. I have ventured once or twice to say that she ought not to let it prey upon her mind so, as the dear little boy is better off; but she answers nothing—only tells me to hold my tongue."

"She wants cheerful society, and change."

"Just what I say, sir," returned Fry. "Always alone, and brooding upon it, it stands to reason that she can't shake it off. I'm sure the way she looks and turns and moans in her sleep is enough to make her ill, let alone anything else. I sleep in her room now, sir. The day the inquest took place in London, she says to me, 'Fry, get a bed put up in my room to-night; I am ill, and may want attendance in the night. Since that she has never let me go out of her room again. If she moves her room—and she has twice since she came to the Rock—my bed has to be moved too.'

"Is Miss Dawkes a sufficiently cheerful companion for your mistress?" asked Mr. Kage, a doubtful accent in his voice.

"Well, sir, I believe she does her best to amuse her. But my mistress sits a great deal alone in her own rooms, where she won't always admit Miss Dawkes; she never liked her, and that's the fact."

Walking quickly, they had approached the Rock, and were close on the front entrance. Fry took a sudden detour to the right.

"This way, if you please, sir," she whispered.

"This way!" echoed Mr. Kage; for the way led direct into the wilderness of trees that bordered the south wing of the Rock. "Wherefore?"

"It's all right, sir."

Glancing back at the house, he saw how dull it looked; scarcely any lights to be seen in its windows; just like the dwelling of one who lives a sick life, secluded from the world. Fry plunged into a labyrinth of trees, and Mr. Kage followed her.

"My mistress does not wish your visit to her known, sir; and I am going to take you in by the small iron postern-door in the south wing," said Fry in a confidential tone. "A rare trouble I had to unlock it to-night, for it has never been used—so, not opened either—since the time of young Mr. Edgar Canterbury. I thought I should have had to call Neel, but my mistress said do it myself, if I could."

Mr. Kage, I suppose, you've heard of the door, I suppose, it opens on a staircase which leads right up to the rooms in the south wing; and Mr. Edgar used to steal in and out that way, when his father wanted to keep too tight a hand upon him."

He knew she had. But he was strictly honorable; and that love and his acknow-

ledge would be buried with the archives of his own heart for ever.

"I shall not take you the less for having loved me, having loved a woman in the days gone by."

She felt that to be true. But there's a dash of coquetry in all women, and will be to the end of time. Millicent affected to doubt.

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No answer.

"Millicent, seeing I am now loving one of you as I do now, and not the other, were you and Caroline standing before me for my choice, and she had never been more than free, never a wife, it is yes, I should like. Time has worked its changes within me, as well as in life's events. My darling, you need not doubt me!"

Her hand was clutched in his; a sweet smile parted her lips; and he had cheek, partly turned from him, showed a bright gleam of rose color.

It was rather cruel abruptly to interrupt the interview; and perhaps Olive Canterbury herself thought so, but she had no other resource. A servant had come in

"She has changed her apartments for them. I didn't want her to. Major Canterbury said to me, and I thought it looked like a bad omen; but Miss Dawkes said she was to go in there. But for her being in there, I'm sure I don't know how ever you would have got to her to-night, or, unknown."

"To whom does Miss Dawkes not wish my visit known?" he asked. "To the servants?"

"Oh, to Miss Dawkes, etc. But there's none of them who'd trust, except me and her; they are all regular gossips. Mind your step, etc."

"It is all so mysterious enough, especially Fry's. The whole was done just here, and the recommendation as to his last was connected with the spreading of the disease, the door a small door—being completely hidden by them. Fry's daughter fought her way to it, took a key from her pocket and turned it in the lock. After a great deal of knocking and pushing, the door allowed itself to be pushed open. Mr. Kage saw a flight of narrow stairs, on one of which stood a lighted hand-lamp."

"You must excuse the dust, sir. It's an old place."

Locking the door behind her, she took the lamp to light him up. At the top of the stairs another door had to be opened, and a dark closet passed through. This brought them to the habitable part of the south wing. Crossing the richly-carpeted corridor, Thomas Kage found himself in the presence of Mrs. Dawkes.

CHAPTER XXXVII. IN THE SOUTH WING.

Shocked though Mr. Kage had been by Fry's account of her mistress's state, far more shocked was he to see her. The room was small but handsome, and replete with every comfort. Mrs. Dawkes sat on a sofa near the fire; her features were white and attenuated, her lips and cheeks covered with livid fever, and a dark circle surrounded her wild bright eyes. The black silk dress she wore sat loosely; her beautiful golden hair, bound back by a bit of black ribbon, fell carelessly on her shoulders. She did not rise from the sofa, but held out both her hands to Thomas Kage. He advanced and took them in silence.

"Fry" said Mrs. Dawkes, bending aside to look beyond him, "remain in the room next the main door. If she comes to the door, call out to her that I am not visible to-night; but don't unlock it to answer her. I am too unwell to go down any, and can see to one here."

"All right, ma'am," answered Fry as she went out and closed the door.

Thomas Kage still retained her hands, looking the pity he would not express. He thought her culpably wrong to give way to this intense grief, but supposed it had become morbid. He gazed up into his face with a yearning look.

"Years ago, in this very house," she began, "you said that you would henceforth from that time be unto me as a brother, other relationship between us being barred. You said that if ever I were in need of a true friend, I was to apply to you. I have put aside the old feelings—I have indeed; but I want a friend. Will you be one?"

"You know I will, Caroline. Your best and truest friend; your brother."

He relinquished her hands, and sat down by her.

"I have had a door put up—you might have seen it had you looked to the other end of the corridor—a strong green-baize door that fastens inside. I made the excuse that the apartments in this wing were cold, and I would have them shut in from the draught."

It was not so much the words that struck upon Thomas Kage as his unpleasingly singular; it was the manner, the tone in which they were uttered. She spoke in a hushed whisper, and turned her eyes to different parts of the room, as if in dread of being watched from the walls.

"I think I dreamt of this evening—of your coming here," she continued; "I am sure it has been presented indelibly to my mind. And I know that I could not talk to you undisturbed, so I had the door put up for that, as well as to keep her out—and him, when he is down here."

"You—dreamt of this evening?" asked Thomas Kage, not catching distinctly the thread of the sense.

"I seem to have foreseen it. I know that I should need to see you before I die—for who else is there that I can trust?—and I knew that so long as she could get access to me there was no chance of any private conversation. Besides, I wanted to be alone, all to myself; away from the weariness of her continual presence, from her observant eyes. She's a spy upon me. She is."

A strange fear came over Thomas Kage as he listened. Had she in any degree lost her mind? Something in the words and the unaccounted tone suggested the thought to him. But he was wrong. Highly feverish she was; her mind restless, her manner nervous; but nothing more.

"I know she is placed over me as a spy. I can see it, and so can Fry; but I am now in that state of nervous weakness that any great scene of agitation might kill me, so I do not exert my authority to turn her out. But I am the Rock's mistress, and I will be as long as I live; and I sent for the man, and gave my orders, and had the door put up."

"You speak of Miss Dawkes?"

"Yes. She watches me like a cat by night and by day. What do you think?—she actually proposed to take Fry's place in my room to-night. It was the first time she was down after we came here. That did arouse me. I told him, that if his sister pushed herself too much on me—and he knew I had never cured for him—I should apply for a separation from her, and be rid of both of them. I can't think how I ever took courage to say it; but Mr. Canterbury called that day, and Miss Canterbury had called, and it seemed to make me think I was not quite without friends, and that I need not be so much afraid. We have moments of inspiration, you know. It answered too; for nothing more was said about her sleeping in my room. And then the time went on, and I moved into this wing, and had the door put up. She does not know of the post-boxes."

"Caroline, you are feverish; your imagination is excited," he soothingly said. "Can I get you anything to calm you, my dear?"

"I am no more feverish than usual. And so to mind—let me say one more thing to you. I don't, and my imagination would overtake me again."

"But you do very wrong to indulge this morbid grief. I must point out your error."

"You, Caroline, you know I have always spoken for your good, your welfare."

"Oh, yes, I know you have," she interrupted, in a tone of unfeigned passion. "If I had but heeded you! You told me such a will ought not to be made; you told me the money would not bring me good. If I had but heeded you! You told me Captain Dawkes was not a fit husband for me. Then, when I accepted him in a fit of angry passion, of pique against you."

"These events are past; why dwell on them?"

"Why not dwell on them? I am pining from the world, and I would not that you should think I go blighted to the grave; though I may have lived blighted, or partially so. When you quitted the Rock, after that decisive interview, and taken place between us, which I am sure you remember as vividly as I, I seemed not to have lost touch of me. I was bitterly angry with you; and when the man proposed again to me, I believe I accepted him only because you had warned me not to do it, and I hoped it would vex you. God has punished me."

"It cannot be recalled, Caroline; surely you may let it rest," he rejoined. "I ask you why you give way to this unaccountable sorrow. It is a positive sin to talk of grief sending you into the grave. Your child is better off. He is at rest; he is in happiness."

"I am not grieving for him. I have learnt to be glad that he went before me."

"Then what is all this? You are seriously ill in mind as well as in body; what distress is it that you are suffering from?"

"I must have inherited a touch of papa's complaint; he died of consumption I believe. Before Tom went, I was very ill and weak, as you may remember; and—and—the shock, I suppose, prevented my rallying. In short, it is that which has killed me."

"The grief?"

"No, not the grief."

"The shock, then?"

"No, not the shock. It's the wretchedness altogether. Then things are piling upon me; things which I cannot speak of; and whenever I am at the Rock, I am in a dreadful state of nervousness. And no one knows how her being here angers me and worries me."

Mrs. Dawkes's words were by no means intelligible to their hearer. He could not help remarking, rather the strange avoidance of her husband's and Miss Dawkes's names.

"I do not comprehend the half of what you say, Caroline. What things are they that prey upon you?"

Mrs. Dawkes shuddered.

"I tell you I cannot speak of them. Thomas, will you serve me?"

"Certainly I will. What is it that you wish me to do?"

Mrs. Dawkes glanced over her shoulder, in apparent dread of being heard. Which was quite a foolish apprehension; for the south wing enclosed within its strong walls, was entirely apart from the rest of the house, and Fry, the only present inmate save themselves, sat in her far-off chamber, near the green baize entrance-door. Caroline bent towards her cousin and spoke; but in so low a tone that he did not catch the words, and had to ask her again.

"I want—a will-made," she slowly repeated.

"Have you not made one since the child died?"

"No—no."

"Then it is right and proper that you should make one. And without delay."

"Will you contrive that I shall do it? Will you help me? Will you take my instructions and get it executed?"

"My dear, what else you?" he rejoined. "The shortest way, the best way, will be for you to send for Mr. Norris, and give your instructions to him."

"That is the very thing I cannot do," she said. "She will take care that I don't make one."

"He knew she alluded still to Miss Dawkes. But she must let you make one; she cannot hinder you."

"Thomas, she is here to see that I don't make one. For no other purpose whatever, than that, she is put here to keep guard over me."

"Caroline, how can you have taken these ideas into your head?" he remonstrated, reverting again to the doubt whether her nervous state did not border on insanity. "A woman, possessing the immense property that you do, is bound to make a will."

"If I die without one, it goes to my husband—money, and land, and the Rock. Everything, nearly, would go to him."

"Of course, if you leave no will."

"Then do you not see now why he does not want me to make one; why he will not permit me to make one; why he puts his sister here, to watch over me that I don't make one? It would be too worrisome for him to remain on guard—let alone the larceny we might come to—and so he leaves her on duty."

"I hope you are mistaken," Thomas Kage gravely replied. "Major Dawkes must feel that he has little right to the whole fortune of Mr. Canterbury."

"He has no right to it, and he shall not have it!" she vehemently broke forth. "O Thomas, Thomas," she continued, changing her tone to one of wailing, "why did I not listen to you, when you begged me not to suffer the money to be so left—not to inherit it, contingent on the death of my child?"

"Hush, Caroline! Do not, I say, recall the past."

"What possessed Mr. Canterbury to make so dangerous a will? What possessed my mother to incite him to it, and I to second her?" she went on, paying no attention to the interruption. "I wish it had been burnt; I wish the money and the Rock had been sunk at the bottom of the sea!"

"It was an unjust will, bordering as I think, on iniquity; but why do you call it a dangerous one? How am I to understand the term as applied to Mr. Canterbury's will?"

"Do you not understand it?" she asked, with pointed emphasis. "I sit here in my solitude, in my terrible nervousness, and dwell on many things, real and unreal, on the past and on the future; and I have fancied that you forewarn how it might become dangerous. There was a day, in this very house, when you earnestly warned me against suffering such a will to stand; when you seemed to be barred in a vision of the time to come, if I did let it stand, and shrink from it as from a black shadow, from a haunting demon. I have not forgotten it, Thomas, or your words."

Neither had he; but he did not choose to say so. The past was past; and for many reasons he thought it well not to bring it back again.

"Caroline, we were speaking of the will, not of the ideal. I am unable to comprehend your position, so you seem to say it. You are mistress of this house, and of its servants. It is your own absolutely; your husband has legally no authority in it. If the presence of Miss Dawkes is not agreeable to you, politely request her to quit the house. Try and shake off this nervousness, my dear; for nervousness is itself a danger."

"If I only dared in the matter, if I only dared to tell her, she would bring him. They are sitting in concert."

"What if it did? Though he is your husband, he cannot take from you your freedom of action. The whole property is your own; not subject to Major Dawkes's control."

"But these would be dreadful scenes, I say, and they would shatter me. Besides, she is making her voice and blessing round with another of those looks of apprehensive terror. I might be poisoned."

"O, Caroline!"

"Tom, you know," she continued, staring at him with her wild eyes. "And I must make the will first."

"Was she wondering now? Mr. Kage mentally debated the question, and with intense pain."

"I wish to leave this wretched fortune—wretched it has been to me and mine—to the rightful owners: I wish to repair the injustice that was committed on the Miss Canterburys. Will you advise me whether Oliver?"

"I cannot advise you on the disposal of your money," he interrupted, in a voice almost of alarm; "neither will I inherit any of it, neither will I be the executor. Leave it as you think well yourself; I must decline all interference. The money has been left to you, Caroline; my trusteeship is over; do not now request me to take it up again."

"But you will advise me how to leave my money?"

"No."

"Not advise me! What can be the motive for your refusal?"

"The motive is of no consequence, Caroline. You have experience to guide you now; you can take advice of yourself."

"But you must have a motive. Tell it me. If you do not, the wondering what it can be will worry me for days and nights; you don't know how weak I have grown. Thomas, I conjure you, tell it me!"

He would have preferred not to tell her; at least, during this interview. But she left him no resource. In his straightforward truth he spoke; his voice somewhat low and unwilling.

"I am to marry Millicent Canterbury."

She looked down upon her thin white hands, clasped together, and did not speak. But for the crimson hue that stole over her face and neck, he would have thought she did not hear. She felt she must love him still! In spite of her two marriages, hers must indeed have been an enduring love.

"Well, be it so," she said at length.

"Thomas, I am glad to hear it; or I shall be when the burst of the news has a little passed. Do not mistake me; the old remembrances are upon me to-night, or I should not feel this. You could not have chosen a better girl than Letia. Indeed I am glad of it; I have never been so selfish as to wish you not to marry."

"You see, therefore, why I cannot, and will not, advise as to leaving money to the Miss Canterburys," explained Mr. Kage, in a very matter-of-fact tone. "Individually, I would prefer that you did not, for it may be the means of separating me from Millicent; on the other hand, they have claims on their father's estate. I cannot advise or interfere."

"Chivalrous and honorable as usual! You are too much so, Thomas. Had you been less so—"

"What then?" he asked—for she did not continue.

"The conversation never would have had place, and my child would be here by my side, and I should not be dying."

What she said was too true; and he knew it. They had not been able to fight against fate. Little use, then, to picture now what might have been. Caroline had played him false to marry a wealthy man; and all the regret in the world, and the bitter repentance, would not alter it.

"I must get a will made," she resumed, breaking the silence. "Can you show me how it may be done? I am virtually a wretched prisoner, remember."

He thought it over for a moment. Assuming what she said to be a fact, there was difficulty in the prospect.

"Let Mr. Norris come to you in the way I have done to-night, and take your instructions, Caroline."

She appeared to catch eagerly at the suggestion.

"So he might! I was only not thought of it. The fact is, it was only when I heard you were in the neighborhood, and I was worrying myself to contrive how I could get to see you alone, that Fry suggested the opening of the post-box-door. Yes, yes; Norris is honest, and I will send for him. I shall leave my husband nothing, Thomas."

"Leave him nothing!" exclaimed Mr. Kage, surprised out of the remark. "Nothing? Would that be justice?"

"Justice and mercy too. I leave him my silence; and that is more mercy than he deserves. He poisoned my child."

"Hush!" rebuked Mr. Kage.

"He poisoned my child," she persisted, beginning to tremble.

They gazed into each other's eyes. Hers were fixed, wild, bright; his, cautiously questioning.

"Caroline, this is an awfully grave charge."

"It is a true one," she affirmed. "I have known it all along. I knew it when the coroner's inquest was sitting; I knew it when you all went to put him in the grave. He had a bottle of laudanum in his dressing-room—but I believe none of the inmates of the house, save myself, had noticed that he had it; and looking for his key he had not it, and it was gone; and I wanted some to put in my tooth. Was it not strange that that very night, of all others, I should have looked for it, and but that night?"

Mr. Kage made no reply. He was lost in thought.

"I went to bed early that night, at eight o'clock; and after I was in bed, I got up to fetch the laudanum-bottle from his dressing-room. It was not there. I was amazed at its absence, because I knew it always was there, and I had seen it earlier in the day. When he came in, and when he was alone, he started like a guilty man, and hurried something under his coat as he went."

Enough to his dressing-room. It must have been the bottle—it was the bottle! The next morning I saw the bottle in its place again. He was not himself had gone through my room that night; and therefore I knew that it was he who had replaced it. I thought nothing of it at the moment; no, not even when the alarm of the death came."

"Allowing all this to be true—and I cannot disbelieve you—how could he have administered it to the child? Judith never left him."

"He did not administer it; Judith did."

"Judith?" uttered Thomas Kage.

"Judith, but not intentionally. She believed, poor woman, when she gave him his dose—special of mixture that evening, that she was giving him his proper medicine. When she brought the child down to me, I did not see her look, but kept her talking; the nursery was therefore vacant. That was an opportunity. The mixture-bottle must have been taken away, and the laudanum-bottle substituted. Oh, I assure you, Thomas, I have given over all this so often since in my mind, that I seem to have seen it all done. Judith gave him a dose—special of the opium instead of his proper medicine. Major Dawkes must have waited in his room opposite; and when she had shut herself into the night-nursery, he went softly in and changed the bottles again, having taken out the same quantity of the right phlegm. I darney he swallowed it. Then he came sneaking down with the laudanum-bottle in his hand, little thinking I had been searching for it, or that I was in my room. I saw the next morning that some of the contents had been taken out."

"Were the bottles alike?"

"Exactly alike. Green-glass bottles, with about the same quantity of stuff in each; and the color of the mixture and of the laudanum tallied. The labels were not alike, and Judith cannot read writing."

"I know she cannot."

"Tincture of Opium. Major Dawkes' was on the one; The Mixture. Master Canterbury, was on the other. Some days after the dreadful truth had revealed itself to me, I had Judith alone, and cautiously questioned her. She was in much distress, and confessed that a matter was preying on her mind. It was this:—after she had given the mixture to the child that evening, he shook his head and said it was 'nasty,' which had never been his complaint before. In putting in the cork, her eye fell on the words of the label, and she thought they looked different—not the same she was accustomed to see; but in the impossibility (as she supposed) of its being any other label or bottle, she had concluded it was her fancy. The next morning by daylight, the old familiar writing seemed to be returned to the bottle. Not until after the child was buried, she said, did this incident recur to her memory. It was strange that it should not; but I could not disbelieve her, for Judith was ever truthful."

"Did you do well to conceal these circumstances?" inquired Mr. Kage, in a low tone. "They might have been investigated."

"Had I known them—had they presented themselves to my mind at the moment of my boy's death, I should inevitably have proclaimed them to the world. But Fry was hasty with her opinion that he must have died in a fit; the Major seconded it; and I thought it was so, in my wild grief. When the doctors had held their post-mortem examination, and declared the cause of his death to be opium, the news of a child was brought in by Fry, then the truth flashed upon me—in a confusion of ideas at first; but, little by little, each distinct point grew, and stood out with awful clearness."

"He came down to my chambers that night, asking me to advance some of the child's money," murmured Thomas Kage.

"Oh, yes, that was a part of his cunning scheme," was Mrs. Dawkes's bitter answer. "He had laid his plans well, be you sure of that, to divert suspicion from himself. He went to you, that you might testify, if needed, he was away in the evening; he asked to borrow the money—knowing that you were not likely to lend it—that it might be assumed he saw no prospect at that, the eleventh hour, of succeeding to my boy. He slept out, that it should be seen he had not gone near Tom to harm him, and hoping to be away when the alarm occurred."

"And you have not spoken of this!"

"Never, until this night. How could I? No one suspects the part he took, unless it be Judith, and—no doubt—Miss Dawkes. Fry does not; she would abuse the doctors by the hour together in my presence, for saying Tom died from opium, seeing he could not have got at any; but I stop her always. Can you wonder, added Caroline, in an altered tone, "that I have lived since in fear—in nervous dread—and that I dare not provoke an open rupture with the man I once called husband?"

"Did you ever hint at your suspicions to him?"

"Only once. If ever I thought to do it, my tongue seemed to dry in my mouth, my heart to sicken. On the day of the inquest, he came in to console me after it was over—the false hypocrite! and I suddenly spoke to him. 'That bottle of laudanum you kept in your dressing-room was away from it the evening before Tom died; where was it?' He was taken by surprise, and turned as white as ashes; his lips were ghastly and tremulous, as they strove to say it was not away from it, so far as he knew. That look alone would be sufficient to prove his guilt. I said no more; I only gazed steadily at him, and he turned away. I could not be the first to accuse him; he had been my husband; had any one else done so, I should have said what I knew. We have lived an estranged life since then; to appearance, outwardly civil. I came here the next day, with my dreadful secret; he has been down once or twice, and we go through the ceremony of hand-shaking at his arrival and departure; and she is here—my keeper."

Mr. Kage leaned his head upon his hand.

"Yes, I am here with my dreadful secret," she reiterated, "and he is living in a whirl of gayer, of sin. I sometimes wonder whether the past life, a burden, upon him also, is the silence of the accusing night."

"A dreadful secret indeed!" Thomas Kage echoed, wiping his brow. "Caroline, why did you tell me this?"

"Not for you to accuse and betray him; not to repeat again. When this conversation shall be over, you can bury it in the solitude of your own breast, and leave him to his conscience and the future. But I could not go to my grave without telling you what has been on my mind."

Mr. Kage sat thinking—thinking over the chain of events from their commencement. The foolish marriage of Mr. Canterbury with this young girl; the unjust will; the

dangerous chance of the great fortune coming to her should the child die. Yes, dangerous; Mrs. Dawkes had called it by its right name. Dangerous if she married a steady and unscrupulous second husband.

"Oh, but it was an awful temptation!" he continued aloud; not to her, but to himself, as he said, "to such a one as Caroline. Poor man!"

"You say 'poor man.' You play him?"

"He is the poorer creature in feeling to me; not his wickedness, but I play him for his exposure to the temptation. Rather than Mr. Canterbury had left his money to seven to his daughter after the child's death, rather than he had left it to the creature he did."

"Did you think of this horrible temptation when you urged me, almost with a prayer, not to return after my child?"

"Do not return to what I thought," he sharply cried, as if the question struck an unpleasant chord within him. "I am given to flights of fancy, and I don't know what I may have thought."

"I will send for Norris," she resumed; "he must come in as you come to night. You see now why I dare not venture to let it be known I wish to make a will. Major Dawkes comes into all after my death; he sees that I cannot last long, any more. Of course they will not let me make a will."

"Yes, I see, Caroline."

"Were I to faint upon it—were they only to suspect that I wished to make one, that I so much as thought of it, they—ha—might put me out of the way so he put Tom," she said with ghastly eyes.

"It was altogether so strange and so a thing, that Thomas Kage greatly liked to leave her. But it must be. He took her hands in his when he rose to say farewell, bending over her."

"I shall come in to see the front entrance to-morrow, Caroline, and pay you a formal visit, as though we had not seen since you left London."

"Since the day of my boy's funeral! Do so. She will be in the room all the time; there's no chance of any visitor being allowed to see me alone. Good-night, good-night; we shall not meet many more times in this world!"

"Caroline," he lingered to whisper, an anxious look arising in his own face, "are you prepared for the next?"

"I think of it as a real from weary sorrow; I think of it as a place of loving pardon and peace. I wish I was better fitted for it."

"Why do you not send for Mr. Enford?"

"She would not let him come to be with me alone."

"She must let him; she shall let him."

"Thomas, let me get the will made first, and I shall be more at ease. I see in no immediate danger."

"Good-night, my dear child. Keep up your spirits."

Mrs. Dawkes touched a silver hand-bell, and Fry came flying out of a room at the end of the corridor, one close to the new baize door. Thomas Kage saw the door as he looked that way. Fry conducted him down the dusty stairs, and out at the rusty postern entrance to the mass of untended shrubs; and he picked his way through them lost in thought, deeply pondering on the revelations he had brought forth.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Liquor Agency.

Several weeks ago, we published the following arithmetical question:—

A liquor agent of a New England town held the office for one year—at the close of which, he gave the following statement of his account, viz:—

Amount of cash received upon assuming the office \$20 17

Value of liquor received at same time 87 84

Cash received for sales of liquor during the year 108 97

Amount paid for liquor bought during the year 108 97

Amount of salary of agent 20 00

Value of liquor on hand at the end of the year 21 87

Does the agent owe the town or does the town owe the agent? and how much?

W. M. C. of Centre Brook

